SLEEPING BESSIE.

Lightly tread who come to peep
At the little maiden's sleep.
Let your steps the carpet cross
Soft as sunshine over moss,
Lest her dream should suffer loss.

Hushed the baby lies, so late
Entered through the crystal gate
That a calm and holy grace,
Borrowed from some blessed place,
Shineth still within her face.

Lashes, laid in slumber meek,
Fringe with gold a tender cheek,
Tinted like the dewy sprays
Of the blossomed peach, whose praise
Floods the robin's roundelays.

And as if a white rose tree
Dropt its daintiest petal, see
How the dimpled hand gleams fair
Through the ripples of her hair,
Clasped by angels unaware.

Who shall sing her cradle-song?
Silver streams would do her wrong;
Whispering leaves are over rude,
And the twitter in the wood
From the linnet's nestling brood.

Flowers we shed, in lieu of speech,
With a blessing shut in each,
Culled at dawn from emerald dells,
Where the wild bee longest dwells
Cradled deep in honey bells.

Strew the sweets above her rest,
Only hearts ease on the breast,
By our potent sylvan art
Charming thus the budding heart
From all thorny sting and smart.

On the blue eyes, curtained fast,
Blue forget-me-nots we cast,
Mayflowers pink we scatter free
O'er the feet. On hill and lea
Fragrant may their treading be!

Last of all are lilies given,
That the maiden soul to Heaven
May uplift its chalice white,
Where the teardrops of the night
Turn to pearls with dawning light.

Nay, but here there bendeth one
Doth out bless our benison.
Deepest love is purest prayer,
Mounting high the starry stair
To the Love beyond compare.

See! she stirs. The dimple dips
All about the drowsy lips.
Bonny dreams blue eyes beguile,
Not so well but mother's smile
Shall to waking reconcile.

—*Katharine Lee Bates, in N. Y. Independent.*

JACK AND JILL.

How They Went Up the Hill of Life Together.

It was too funny for anything, but we were married. It didn't concern the world in the least, but it was a matter of no small moment to Jack and myself, as we came out of the little box of a parsonage, that we were actually man and wife. Dr. Pitcher, the Lutheran doxuinie, eyed us sharply as he came into the cozy study. How well I remember that morning! the sunshine fell across the window garden, with its fragrant flowers, and made a golden spot on the carpet just at Jack's feet. In front of me was a Beatrice Di Cenci, after Guido, on the wall, and the sad, pathetic face haunts me yet. It almost seemed to speak to us, saying: "Children, you are so foolish!" Dr. Pitcher evidently thought so, too, for he was a bachelor, and questioned Jack quite a while; but Jack was manly and frank, and he had a letter of introduction from good old Dr. Clark, who had known him from a boy, and so our dominie was satisfied.

t was very solemn, after all, the serving man and maid came in as witnesses, and I nudged Jack as they looked at us in astonishment, as much as to say: "What do these children want to commit such foolishness for?" But we answered the questions, we took each other's hand, the good doctor prayed so tenderly, as if his own past had toned his words, and we went out into the sunshine, past the gray church, one, to climb the hill of life together.

Jack kissed me in the shadow of the Tower, although I told him he shouldn't on the public street, and we turned our faces toward home. Jack was twenty and I was sixteen; no wonder you grow solemn and shake your heads, you older ones, but I believe the young folks will envy us now, but not live and bye, perhaps, for life is a tough thing, and the hill for Jack and Jill was no exception. But we commenced to climb with light hearts, we were strong and young, and we loved each other. "Until death do us part" did not seem a very hard thing to answer from the doctor's lips.

We had four rooms to overselves—a little bird-house of a tenement—kitchen, parlor and two bed-rooms; yet what in the world we wanted of an extra bedroom one could hardly tell, as we were both orphans in this Western city, far away from any one we knew.

We were alone in the world, we loved each other, why not climb the steep hand in hand? Jack worked in a great flooring mill; his day began at seven and closed at six; what nice long evenings we had to study and read and dream! To be sure, Jack had only forty dollars a month, and we had many sums in addition and subtraction to do to keep out of debt, but he said I didn't grow poor, and my Dutch ancestors certainly would not have been ashamed of me in that regard. I was accustomed to take my hair down at night to please him—it was blonde, the color of gold—and he called me "The Mermaid," so covered was I by the meshes of light. I was just a little proud of my hair, like a silly child, and used to tell Jack jokingly: "If worst came to worst, I could sell that for bread." One evening our landlord came in, just as I had allowed the last coil to fall. He inquired of Jack if I was a younger sister. "My wife, Mr. Lane," said Jack, smiling. I thought it too bad that I looked so young, but my cheeks would be red, and I was plump as a partridge.

But that first year sobered us a little; we found Fate was no sentimentalist, and hard facts must be faced and conquered, if possible. I looked after the house, did the marketing, and planned to see how far twenty dollars a month would go in providing our food. The first month I spent thirty, which made Jack look sober, but the next I did better, until, finally, I was able with ease to do what I desired. Jack and I were determined to lay by something if we went hungry; we had dreams for the future, which we hardly breathed to each other. Of course we did not live in a very ample style; pastry and cake were not always on our table. I kept at a few things until I could do them well. Jack was patient. I had a good cook book, was blessed with common sense, and kept bravely at it.

Perhaps you are quite tired of this recital, but Jack and I lived it all, with hearty faith in God and each other. We had but little, but from that little we extracted every ounce of happiness. I had a small library from my father, and when the curtains were dropped, the stand drawn out, and the lamp lighted—our "student," the one luxury we indulged in—the little kitchen was not a place to be despised by people like us. We read aloud in turn, a dictionary on the table for reference, and an encyclopedia in one volume, which we prized very highly. We found the reading aloud a good exercise, and we acquired valuable information. We went through Macaulay in this way—his essays and history, some of the British dramatists contemporary with Shakspeare, particular delighting in Christopher Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus," Homer's "Iliad," in Bryant's translation, Mommsen's "History of Rome." Oh, we were very literary, Jack and I, that first winter! We had some hot discussions relative to the merits of the old English authors, and then, with all, we took German. We could do the grammar about our work, there were many Germans in the mill, and we did get on quite a little in that throat distorting language.

You think it was all sunshine, if it had been, I should not be telling this story to you. You hope Jack never broke his crown, "but he did, all the same-me," as a little sprite at my elbow says about her playthings. Love, thank God, can last not only until death, but beyond, but the rainy days are quite necessary in the journey to make us thankful for the sunshine, if for nothing more. We were to have our share of dark days, but no one could take away from us the happy remembrances of that year of work and pleasure.

One night Jack came home in high spirits, the mill would stop a day for repairs. "Jill, we can have a holiday, and we will have a lark." Our first day together since we came out of the little parsonage, how pleased we were, like two children let loose from school! We arose the next morning with the sun, we did the work together, and, arrayed in our best clothes, left our dear little home, with the sunshine flooding the tiny kitchen and "Dick" in his cage singing as if he would split his throat in ecstacy. How happy we were! The people we met all seemed friends, and we danced along like two kittens on a frolic. Jack had proposed that we go to a city twenty miles away and spend the day. We reached the station in good time, and the express in half an hour left us at our destination, and steamed away, hissing like some wild creature mad with fury. The people must have thought us half demented, for we raced about, into the book stores, looking at pictures, pricing fabrics at the great dry goods houses, and altogether behaving shockingly for old, staid married people. But you must remember that Jack had only reached his majority and Jill was but just seventeen. Ah, well, what a red-letter day it was with its autumn glories, the markets full of blushing fruit, a glamour on everything! It seemed to Jack and I an enchanted land, everything was free to us, we could see and enjoy it all. We got our lunch at a little Dutch parlor, with a motherly attendant, who evidently regarded us as two babies who had escaped our parents for a day. She accepted a ridiculously low sum for it all, and her broad, good-natured face smiled all over when we went out. Every moment was just packed full of solid fun; Jack and I were speaking of it yesterday, after returning from Mrs. Lord's fashionable reception, how perfectly happy we were, and how it ended. But I must not anticipate.

In the early dusk, just as the lights began to twinkle along the streets and people were trudging home from their toil, as the West was hung with flame, we were flying out toward the city where we lived; and how glad we were to return, just as eager as we were to leave in the morning; I thought how the kitchen would look, and what I would prepare for tea in honor of our outing.

Well, we were coming into the city, a little tired, but satisfied with our day. We were on the evening express, and it was always a scene of confusion when the train got in; two tracks on either side had their trains, bells were ringing, escaping steam with that hiss and swish-sh that is so deafening. It was quite dark, save as the headlights of the engines glared on us like huge evil eyes; the crowd was great, and one was almost bewildered in the glare and noise. We had found our way out, Jack and I—poor Jack! but I had carelessly left my bag on our seat. It was Jack's present, and he rushed back after it. The rest is a blank, but I learned afterward that our train was late; Jack was coming toward me, a smile on his handsome face, when there was a rush, a roar, glancing lights, and when I looked again Jack was down, almost at my feet, white, limp and senseless, but, thank God, not dead. By some mistake the Western express had passed without warning, he was past the rails, but the baggage car had struck him and hurled him, fortunately, away from the train. The bag was in his clenched hand, but I thought he had left me forever. The crowd surged in, a physician appeared, and he was borne into the depot. He revived a little, then went off in a swoon that seemed like death itself. They got him home on a mattress, the worst was known, he had a compound fracture of the limb; the bones were set, and I was left alone. Not until the kind doctor had gone and the unknown friends, did I realize a little how our holiday had ended.

There was the kitchen with our table pushed against the wall, but I had prepared no tea, for Jack lay there so deathly pale, save a red spot on each cheek, and he did not know me. Oh, Jack, will you die and leave your little Jill all alone? And then the fears came and I had a refreshing cry. After that I saw my work before me and prepared for it, praying that the good Lord would not leave me quite alone.

This was the case: Here as Jack confined to his bed perhaps for three months, possibly a cripple for life; he could earn nothing for the present; we had saved one hundred and twenty dollars; our rent was ten dollars a month; Jack had tumbled down and broken not his crown, but his leg, would Jill come tumbling after? I thought so for those first few hours, and then it came to me. What if he lay there in the last long sleep and I could not wait on him any more? and I fell on my knees with sobs of thankfulness, ashamed of repining.

How quickly we adjust ourselves to sober fact! For two weeks Jack had a high fever, and much of the time he talked of that bag, and how sorry he was he could not get it. Every day he seemed to be sinking lower and lower, and the old doctor eyed me wistfully as he went out; I knew what he was thinking of—how young she is to be left alone. One night, after two weeks of almost ceaseless watching, I fell asleep by his side, my head buried in my arms. I was utterly wearied in that dead stupor that comes from long wakefulness. After midnight something roused me. The moon was looking in upon us, and the light made Jack's face look deathly enough. His hand about my hair had roused me. I felt his pulse, it was going down rapidly. God was good to me; had I slept on it would have been too late to have helped him. I remembered what the doctor said: when the fever turns give him more stimulant, or he will sink away. All night I fed him the stimulant every half hour, praying that I might be kept awake. With the morning sun he looked up. "Jill," he said—the first rational word he had uttered since he left me to rush into the car for that miserable bag—and then, goose that I was, I fainted dead away. When I came to myself, Jack was in a natural sleep; he had roused but a moment, and then in utter weakness dropped off to sleep.

But the worst was passed; he began to mend rapidly. "The Lord has remembered you," said the doctor, solemnly. The next day a friend took the burden from me a little, and I hardly knew what was passing for several days. But it was a long way out of the woods yet. How slow it was, after all, although Dr. Low said he gained wonderfully. Two months passed, and he could sit up but a short time in a day; but Jack had been working beyond his strength for months, and his recovery required time.

Half of our money was gone and the future looked dark, but Jack was hopeful and cheerful, and I sat and read to him hour after hour, and we discussed the old familiar subjects again, all the time I was racking my brains to devise some means to eke out our fast diminishing purse. When four months had gone Jack could limp about a little, but how thin and pale he was. We had just twenty dollars left, and that only by the strictest economy, and because the doctor would take nothing as a fee.

I had my hair down in the old way one evening; our landlord had just been in for the rent; there was but ten dollars left. I had ventured to broach our condition to Jack; I had tried not to trouble him with our financial matters. "Your hair is worth more to me than gold," he said, as he let it fall through his white hands. And then it flashed over me—the old joke—that I would sell my hair, if worst come to worst. The next day a neighbor stayed with Jack for awhile, and I went out on business. I went into several hair stores, and when I came out of the last one I had forty dollars, but my golden hair, a yard in length, was gone. I cried a little all the way home, but "for Jack," I said. How he stared when I took off my bonnet! "Jill, Jill!" he cried, and his voice broke. "I had to do it, Jack; we must live, and I got forty dollars for it." But he turned to the wall and did not speak; only the sobs shook his frame, and he a man; but he loved the golden hair.

"Jack," I whispered a half hour after, "don't you love me a little without the hair?"

"Oh, Jill," he cried, "to think you were obliged to do it!"

On the way home I had passed an art store, and some paintings in oil had attracted my attention. I had taken lessons—my father had been an artist—why could not I revive my skill and earn something now? I grudged the money for the material, but nothing venture nothing have, and so I began. I had some talent, I knew, and then Jack's pale face was an inspiration. It was at the time when rich people were crazy to have their china decorated by hand. My father's patient lessons were not forgotten, necessity gave me skill, and I surpassed myself. Dr. Low, on hearing of my desire and seeing some of my work, got an order from one of his rich patients. I succeeded so well with that, that other orders followed; we would not suffer after all. The good God was pitiful—he cared a little for Jack and I.

I did not tumble after Jack, as the nursery jingle has it; my crown was safe, although bereft of its wealth of hair. Jack was well at last, with only a little hitch in his gait. He got a position in the iron-works, and we bridged the chasm of pain, and we started up the hill again. He limped a little, and I looked like a boy with my shorn head, but love had lasted, we had each other and were thankful.

"My brave Jill" he said, when we sat down the first night after he was at work again, and he eyed me fondly across the little stand; and then coming round to my chair, "Sweet Jill" as he laid his love upon my lips.

"Don't be foolish, Jack," and I blushed as I did the first time he kissed me, years ago.

We are old married people now—that is, if twenty-six and thirty can be called old. We have left the dear little tenement. Prosperity came at last. Jack invented something that brought large returns. We have a house of our own, and more than twenty dollars a month I can expend now. A little Jack and Jill scamper about the floor, and "Dick," the bird, is getting old. Jack and I have had many outings since that first—none that we enjoyed more, until its sad finale—none that brought its terror. We have had our trials—who does not? Jack says "my hair is more beautiful than ever," and other nonsense that is positively foolish from staid people like us. But the honeymoon has lasted through all the years, the leisure of to-day has brought no truer affection than we had in that old room, where life and death fought for Jack.

Jack and Jill are still going up the hill. We have each other—that is our richest fortune. Our namesakes are never weary asking: "Mamma, tell us how big Jack and Jill were married, and lived happy ever since."—*Good Housekeeping.*

POLONAISES.

Latest Modes for Sash, Coat and Other Dresses.

The new polonaises which Madame Raymond says are only polonaises in part are found among the latest importations of French dresses. These are quite varied in design, some of them being severe, straight and stately-looking, while the more bouffant and youthful styles are also represented. Of the latter is one pretty and simple fashion that will be popular, because it is a design that will be useful for modernizing last year's dresses. This is a polonaise in the back only, being merely a pointed bodice or closely fitted basque, lengthened in the back by a sash-like drapery tied in one or two broad, long loops, and below these there are two ends that hang the whole length of the skirt beneath. This is handsome in either wool or velvet (the two fabrics now most used for corsages), and may be made of a simple striped fabric which matches in one of its stripes the color of the basque, or else the regular sashes may be used, as these can now be bought in wool or in velvet with stripes along one side, or else a plain ground with stripes forming a border across each end. This sash polonaise is handsome in dark wool, with gay stripes attached to a pointed basque of the plain, diagonal wool, with a vest or plastron made of the stripes. It is also considered very dressy when made of black or dark velvet for the pointed corsage, with cashmere-striped velvet for the sash. With such a polonaise the skirt will be of plain velvet laid in a few plaits, with wide kilt front, or else the skirt will have a full-shirred back, and there will be a deep apron of the plain velvet covering the front, turned upward on the left side, and widely faced there with the striped goods of the sash. This costume is so easily made that it will commend itself to the home dress-maker as a good design either for new dresses or renovating old ones. For instance, a velvet costume of last year can have all its best parts put into a skirt that has straight, full, gathered back breadths, with either a wide box plait in front, like that on a boy's kilt, or else a draped apron; the worn lower parts of the basque can be cut off to make a pointed waist, and the upper part of the front can be renewed by a striped velvet plastron, with revers up each side that nearly cover the old front part. This plastron and the sash drapery are all the new parts required, and can be made of four yards of striped velvet, or else of a sash, with half a yard of similar velvet for the plastron, high collar, and bias fold which forms cuffs inside the sleeves. Sometimes the gloss of satin, or of beaded silk, or of fraille francaise, is preferred for this plastron because it is more becoming style than that with a sash, consisting of basque front, with the polonaise part continued to the four middle back forms, which are lengthened below the waist line to make two long flat tabs that extend to the foot of the dress. These tabs are about half a yard wide, are lined with silk or satin lining throughout, and if striped need not be trimmed, but when made of plain cloth they are bordered with velvet or with galloon two or three inches wide. A pretty fancy for the front of this garment is to make of the wool goods a square Figaro jacket opening over a soft satin vest that is belted at the waist line and cut off there. The wool dress patterns that come partly plain and partly striped are made up in this way, using the stripes for the polonaise and for the front of the skirt, which is draped in a Greek apron that shows plain velvet at the foot, while the back is made of two full gathered breadths of the plain wool. Dark plum or navy blue wool diagonal with Persian stripes is made up in this way, with dull red velvet at the foot of the front breadths, and either plum or blue satin for the vest. In order to make the vest warm enough, light flannel is laid over the silesia lining beneath the satin.

A third design for polonaises, very effective when made of ladies' cloth over a velvet skirt, is really a princesse dress with the fronts turned back from waist to foot to form very wide revers, on which cross bands or points of braid and wood buttons are set. The front of the corsage also turns back in revers from the waist up to the shoulders, and discloses a vest of plush or of velvet like that of the skirt. The back is laid in wide double box pleats, and ornamented with braid and wood buttons, and there are large square pockets on the sides. This polonaise will be handsome in brown, black or blue cloth, with the plush or velvet skirt laid in a wide box pleat in front from the waist to the foot, while the sides and back of the foundation skirt have velvet only at the foot in the small space visible below the long polonaise.

Still another polonaise is like a great redingote, and so nearly conceals the lower skirt that only a very plain skirt is required, with a narrow pleating of the material at the foot. This polonaise is long all around and entirely undraped, being slit up in the skirt to form six long flat tabs, one tab being in each front, a tab on each side being made of continuations of the two side forms, while each middle form of the back extends in a separate tab. These tabs are lined throughout with thin lining silk, and when made of cloth are bordered with plaited braid two inches wide. This is a good plan for cloth dresses that are all of one material, and will also be used for velveteen, corduroy and plain silk velvet costumes. The basket cloths and the diagonal cloths that have velvet stripes are also made in this way over a skirt of plain cloth or of plain velvet.—*Harper's Bazar.*

PERSONAL, AND IMPERSONAL

—Bonanza Mackay's wealth is estimated at one hundred and eighty million dollars.

—Lucy Hooper says Mme. Patti will be tempted to America again this winter with Yankee dollars.

—Senator Jones, of Nevada, is in luck again, as he has a large interest in gold mines on Douglas Island, Alaska, which are yielding him two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year.

—Jay Gould says that the demands on his charity from strangers foot up an average of one million dollars per week. No one asks for less than five thousand dollars, and the majority want seventy-five thousand dollars.

—After a service of forty-four years in the navy, Rear Admiral Francis A. Roe has retired from active duty by reason of attaining his sixty-second year. He has, since 1881, been on duty as Governor of the United States Naval Asylum.

—Dr. H. S. Lucas, of Chester, the discoverer of the emery mines there and the corundum mines in the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina and Georgia, has been searching for more than forty years, beginning in fact when he was a student in the Berkshire Medical College at Pittsfield.—*Boston Budget.*

—Mrs. E. G. White, the prophetess, on whose published visions, seen in a trance, the Seventh Day Advent Church is founded, in her old age has gone to England. She is said to be a woman of stern Christ an principles and much ability; and none of her obedient disciples believe in her revelations more firmly than she does herself.—*Detroit Post.*

—The Czar of Russia has bestowed upon Alvan Clark, of Cambridge, Mass., the golden honorary medal of the Empire, "in acknowledgment of the excellent performance of the great object glass" made by Mr. Clark for the chief telescope in the Pulkowa Observatory. The medal is given very rarely and only for extraordinary merits. Only one other has been granted by the present Emperor.

—In the early days of the war, regiments used to command their Colonels to make speeches. The Twenty-first Illinois, having been fired by a speech from General Logan, who was visiting their camp, called for "a few remarks" from Colonel Grant. Colonel Grant, equal to the occasion, rose and said in a tone of command, "Go to your quarters at once." The regiment went. They realized even then that their Colonel was a man of few words, but every inch a Colonel.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—The average man fails to find out wherein lie the fascinations of the female school teacher for his sex. In Colorado a new supply of school teachers is needed every year for the reason that they all get married, and in Connecticut they are refusing to engage them unless they promise to renounce all love-making during their term with the ferrule. It ought to require some courage to propose matrimony to a schoolma'am, and yet it would seem that the number of brave and heroic men is continually on the increase.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

—The revival of the polka dot suggests to some people that the world of fashion is in its dottage.